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*I wonder when you want to
Tell me
When did the light die
You will rise
You'll return
Phoenix from the flame
We'll learn; we'll rise
You'll return.*

Sinead O'Conner

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This Is The Song

*Curled like a snail
in its shell, a
middle-aged woman,
skirt tucked over legs,
shoeless feet entwined,
lies on the couch
in a student lounge
dozing.*

*Inside
she imagines someone looking,
imagines college boys looking
at her,
imagines a crowd
looking
at her lying there
asleep.
Imagines they think
she is ridiculous
at her age
really.
Imagines she will make a song about it.*

*Wanting to sing,
she awakes
to find
two college boys
looking
at
her.*

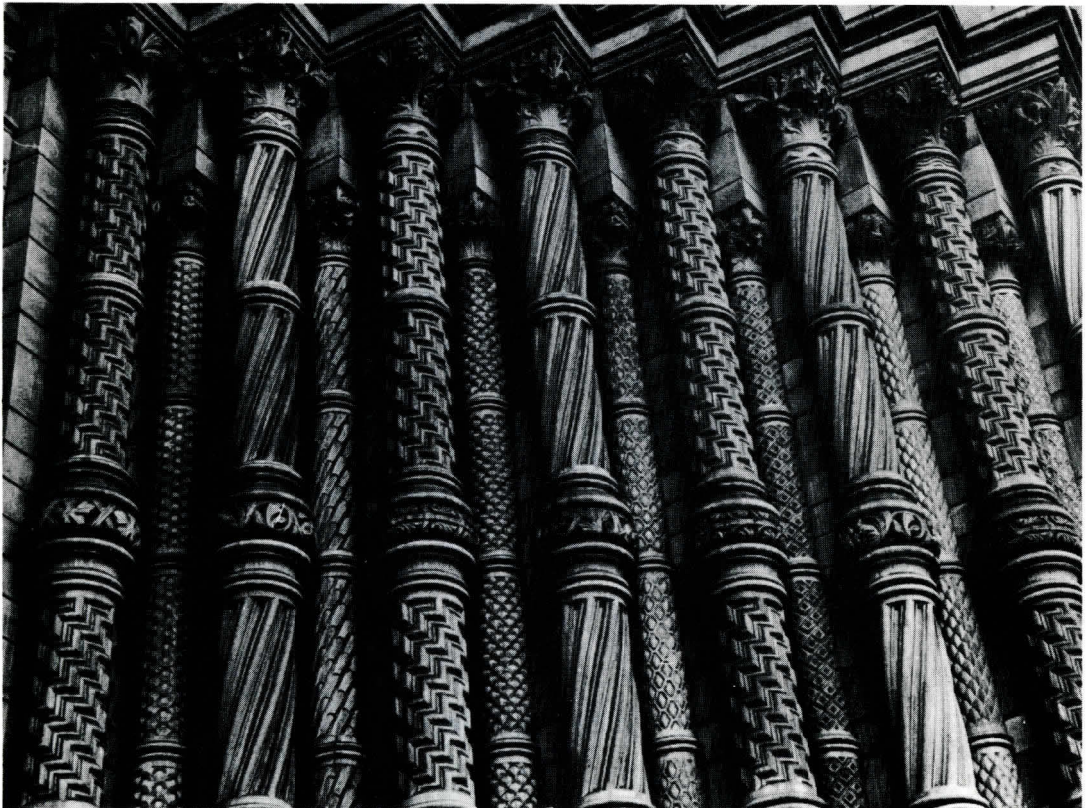
P.H. Kneen - CNR Alumnae

*I wanted to write you some words you'd remember
words so alert they'd leap from the page
and crawl up your lap to be seated by your side
and be there to comfort you, forever.
But it was cloudy that day and I was lazy
so I just stayed in bed thinking about it.*

*I wanted to write you some words you'd never forget,
words so vibrant they'd perform on stage
and sit next to you in the audience
and dance in your mind through the years.
But it was sunny that day and I wasn't creative
so I layed on the grass contemplating it.*

So far this song has no words.

Kelly Gannon '91



*Walking on a beach at night,
hearing only crashing waves.
All around me is darkness,
nothing to be seen.
I sit and stare at the motion of the water.
It is constant, comforting.
I know that when the tide goes out,
it will come in again.
Is anything else so consistent?
Dependability is something to be treasured.
As I gaze off into the inky shadows that envelop me,
I wonder if there is anything else.
I can't see it.
I can't hear it.
Suddenly, along bounds a golden dog
to break my dream-like trance.
My shell of tranquil solitude is shattered.
As I sigh and begin to walk from the water's edge,
I am glad that I had that moment,
when I was at one with the earth.*

Laura Hilton '91

But Why?

*Years after the war
oh! women!*

*Why aren't you atop the wall
that holds you down.*

*POWER, FREEDOM, EQUALITY
are yours, naturally. They have always
been in your reach.*

RISE and take your place among the wallbuilders.

Kathleen M. Jones '90

More Than A Dream

*Pain: Has a bitter taste in my mouth
in slow motion.*

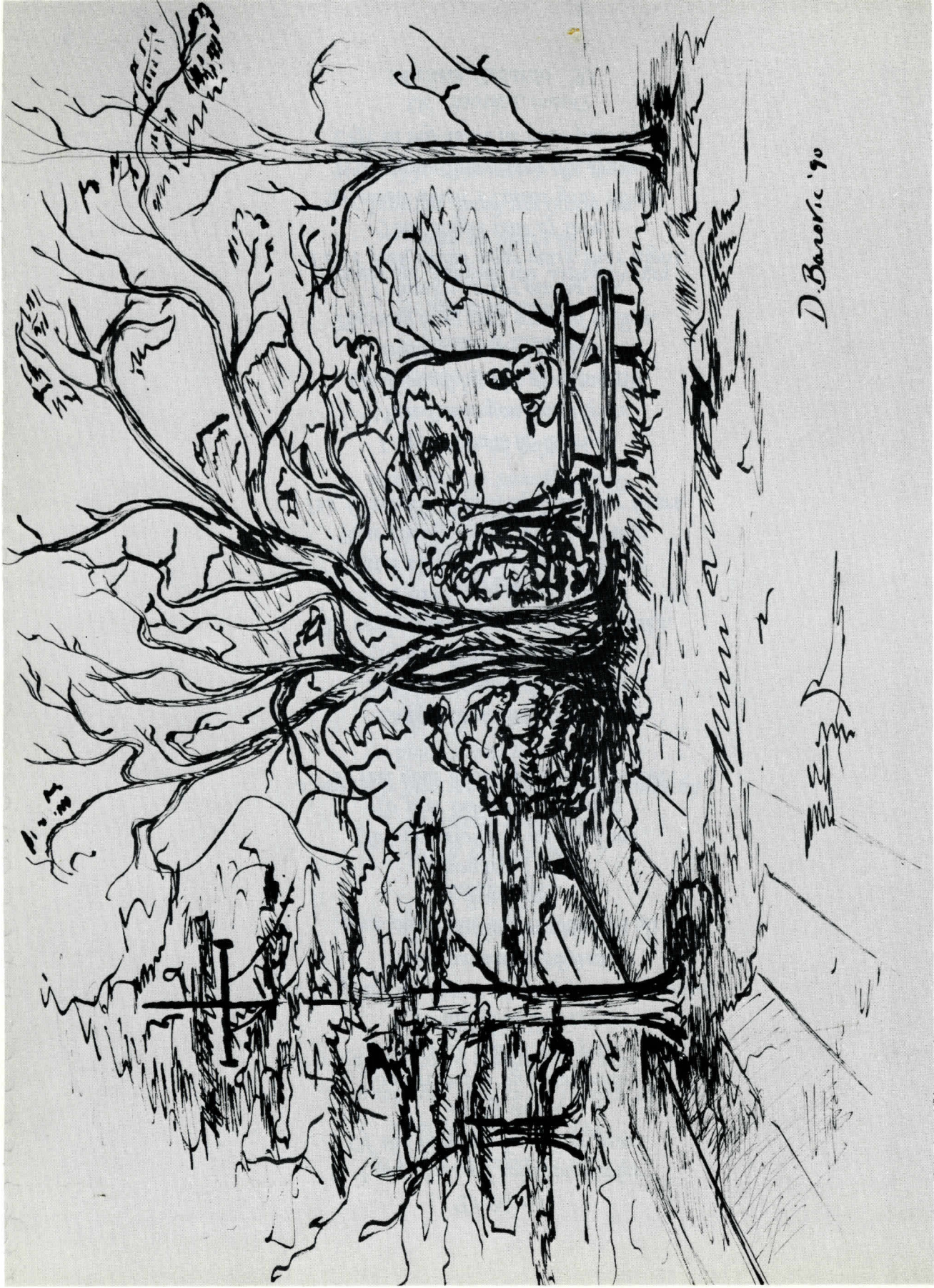
*Clenching fists, eyes glaze over and
teeth lock hard on one another
I stiffen and float away.*

*When I return, pain subsides and
anger is quick to gnaw at my remains.*

I am naked, I am exposed.

I love the smell of honeysuckle in May

Diana Rhea '91



D. Banovic '90

To Nana

*I am obsessed with memories
Of the happier, healthier years.*

Loving us all

You proved it by your smile.

As future faded into past

So did your smile.

In its place you wore a hard, frowning mask

Which you rarely lifted.

It was those rarities

I lived for.

Knowing I did

You occasionally allowed me

To peer beneath the mask

To feel your once free-flowing love.

Only I could see the root

Of your mental state-

Your coldness was meant

To make your leaving easier to take.

I think you suspected,

But I alone knew that a cancer

Was eating away at your body.

It's fortunate that it spared your heart.

I knew you'd be leaving

When I saw you lying there

Controlled by the respirator's

Inflation and deflation-

The only lung that wanted to live.

I thank you for giving me

A last peek under your mask that night.

Your single tear of love,

Released when I called your name,

Will eternally moisten the dryness

Left in my heart at your passing.

Michele Accardo '93

*I have no voice to speak of,
Nor the desire or will.
For when I do express my thoughts,
the ears of which my words fall upon
are closed.
Empty minds
and vacant space
lie behind the eyes that watch me.
Once again,
my heart of glass
has been shattered
by ignorance, carelessness and disrespect.
One may never mend
the broken dreams
of a blindness of innocence.
Can you hear me?
Are you listening?
I love you.
It is so obvious
to everyone but me.
The judgment of character,
a play on words,
forgotten promises.
Time has built the boundaries,
created a shield,
which protects,
my thoughts, my feelings, my needs.
A shield to save
my mind, my heart, my soul,
from the destruction of love.*

Dawn Schroth '92



Untitled by Sadie D'Amato '91

*Silhouettes standing
Edges marred by the mist
hanging in the air.
Under a lightpost the silhouettes pass
And become people for a moment.
Then they go back to the night
And are silhouettes again.*

Andrea Albertelli '93

A Far Touch

*I look at the stars tonight
and wonder
if you are looking too.
And for one moment, we
are seeing the same.
And for that instant-we
are not separated,
there is no distance.
Tonight I shed a tear for
the miles that
have come between us,
the time we'll be apart.
As my sadness falls to
my cheeks,
I notice a falling star and
make one wish-
the unspoken words.
And I know-you
wished too.*

Mary Beth Quigley '92

Sweet Baby James

*Sweet Baby James sings softly
From inside my radio;
Thanks to CD technology, it sounds
As if he's here in the room with me-
A private concert.
He sings about the Berkshires in passing-
Just a line in the song.
At home tonight, a man and his guitar
Will sing the song for tourists
In a small quaint tavern.
It thrills them to realize that they
Had the taste to vacation in a place
Written about by James Taylor.
The last time I heard the song, I was in
Such a tavern, surrounded by my friends
For the last time of the summer,
Complaining that \$4.50 for a
Slice of apple pie was a tourist price.
We all looked forward to the excitement and
Change September would bring,
Were anxious to escape from the
Tourist trap we live in.
Now, sitting here, feeling more exiled
Than freed, I wonder if a casual
Mention of the Berkshires
Makes them cry too.*

Laura Hudson '93



Untitled by Sadie D'Amato '91

*What ever happened
To your
Spindly, sturdy child?
When the
Arrangement of
Hues and Plaids
Equaled the evening news.
When
All the world
was
coloring
In between
the lines
What was the exact date
Barbie
and her crew
packed the
plastic convertible
And drove off Forever?
Do you remember
when it was the
Mud Confections Store
closed
and I
deserted sticks and sifters?
When was the
first night
I missed
pressing my face to the
cold panes
to watch your lights
into the drive.....
When*

r o l l

The Ring

*We were silly children
Who played in the grass,
And sang in the wind.
We would lie on the ground
And smell the sweet summer air,
As I whispered words of French
love in his ear.
I would sway prettily in his
arms,
As he smiled at me with his
wild eyes
The circle of his love so
complete
Around my heart.
Now, however, that ring of love
is trampled
Into the grass
Thrown into the wind, to just
disappear.
Whispered love songs are
Violent screams of torment,
Hurtling through bitter air.
The world is ugly
And we, lost love,
Are living death.*

Lisa Nicoletti '93

*True essence of life is to be found in the wind -
It whistles and moves quickly,
it becomes violent, and exhilarating,
it is a gentle breeze, soothing.
Sometimes I wish I could be whisked away by the wind,
carried away from all my worries, cares and responsibilities.
To fly above everything with no constraints -
This would be finding the true meaning of life.
This is when nature could be understood.
This is where I could understand myself.*

Laura Hilton '91



Untitled by Patti Freidrich '92

"What are you doing?" asked Amanda.

"I'm watching the stars," I replied as I gave her a pat on the head.

Amanda climbed onto my lap and stated, "The moon is a very big star."

"She isn't a star," I said, "She is the mighty moon."

"Why is she so mighty?" Amanda giggled because my hair had brushed her nose.

"Because she gave us the snow," I said matter of factly.

Amanda's brow wrinkled. "How?" she asked.

Way, way back, many centuries ago, not long after children had discovered sand castles, the moon and the sun had an argument. The sun, being the brightest of all constellations, had a habit of bragging about his ability to radiate warmth and provide life.

"I am the sun and I am the center of all life," he beamed, "But most of all I am loved by all the beautiful children of our earth.

The sun had said this purposely because he knew how much the moon loved all the little children of the earth and waited for a response.

When hearing nothing, he continued, "Children look for me when they come out of the sea. They wait for me to dry their skin and lighten their hair before they build sand castles by the light of my rays. I have never seen a sand castle built by the light of your beams."

The moon felt so down and dumpy, she started to forget how beautiful she really was. She forgot that her light was vibrant, yet soft, and that her fullness coaxed couples to pledge their love.

"I'm so dumpy," said the moon, blinking her eyes.

The sun burst out once more shouting, "The grass! I forgot about the grass and the way that the children roll and play in the beautiful green grass!"

The moon began to cry and she was frightened because she had never shed a tear before. She began to shake and her tears fell to earth in tiny shapes of crystal white.

It was dusk and all the children were inside eating their dinners when they saw the crystals fall. Children came running from everywhere filled with excitement,

mystery, and joy. Snowballs were thrown, snowmen were built, and the children waited for more snow to fall before they swished themselves into snow angels.

The moon opened her eyes and saw all the beautiful children and how happy they were. She continued to cry, but now she was shaking with joy at all the happiness below her. Each tiny crystal the moon had shed had a different shape to match each individual child on earth. And she was happy.

"Is that why she is smiling so?" asked Amanda, peering curiously at the moon.

"Yes, that is why," I answered.

Heather Dominick '93



Country Church in Winter by Kelly Gannon '91

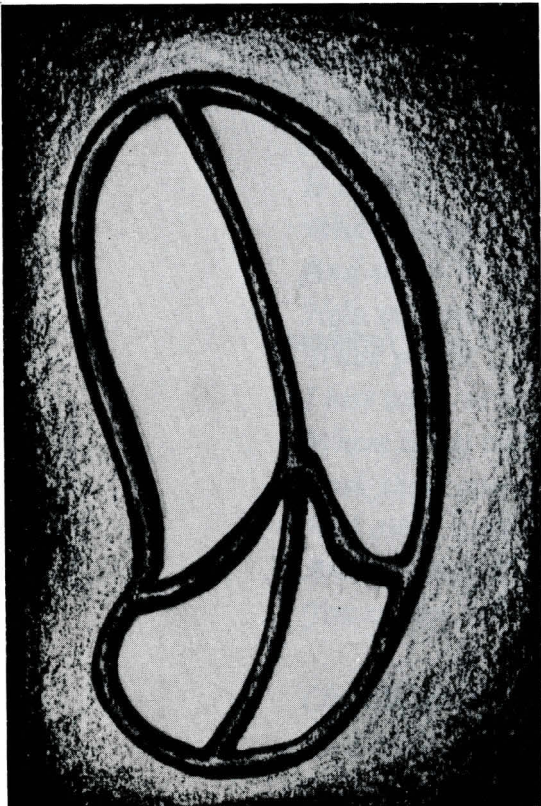
Introspection on Life

*But why? Because...responsibility, dignity. But how?
Infinite classes, stupendous assignments, finish when?
Impossible. Have faith. Stress. Wait...meeting at 12:15,
Lecture at 12:30, inconceivable, don't forego...
Insanity seeps in... Computer lab, no computer!
What a concept... Available when? Inhale, exhale.
What about rehearsal? What music should I get
for the senior salute? Uh, swimphony... Yes, I'll
Co-captain... I need to make a tape soon...
Do you know the hustle?... How many days till
Graduation??? Too many or too little ... Resume,
Finished. Applications-no time. Envision interviews...
EEE gads. Prepared? Check. Appearance? Check...
Are you free on the 16th? 16th of what year???
No, absolutely not. Work? I am exhausted, although
money is a necessity. Yes, I can cater next Wednesday.
Great, New York City!! You need to study... Procrastinate.
Put off till later, but how? I need sleep desperately...
So and so called... Oh God... When? Friends-
When are you around? We never see you. Why do
you have so much homework your last semester?
C'mon, lets go out. I can't....
Priorities... What to do? What about a
walk to clear the mind? Yes, great idea.
Oh no, It's Alaska Cold... maybe tomorrow.
Really could use the peace though. Put on
the headphones. Ah....Vivaldi... no...
Sinatra... Thank-you Elton John, you
'Saved My Life Tonight'. Relax. Breathe.
Lighten up Francis...You're much to tight!
After all, this only your future.....*

Cynthia Rayna '90

*I wanted to write you a letter
and say you were my one and
only salvation in a world of isolation.
To say you were my other half,
my soul, the outlet of my inner beliefs
and knowledge.
To say you were my cell partner,
my perfect lover, my damnation, my sin.
A blanket came to mind,
of security and comfort
of dreams and ideals in my
image of you, and not your own self existence.
Shall I tell you a lie.
You can make me change my name.
I can make it a picturesque day,
of echoing laughter,
An empty reality.*

Lisa James '92



Untitled by Judy Wolert '92

*When you're alone at night
And all your old memories come back to haunt you,
Try to do the things
That will put you to sleep.
Sometimes these don't work
And there is no place to go and no one to call.
At this point, begin thinking about the sun...*

*The way it reflects light in the trees,
The way it plays in the hair of a friend,
The way it follows you while riding in a car,
And the way it pushes you out of bed in the morning.*

*Think about the time of noon
When everyone's acting a little crazy.
Then remember the hills you enjoy to hike
And you'll grow tired of climbing them,
Tired enough to sleep.*

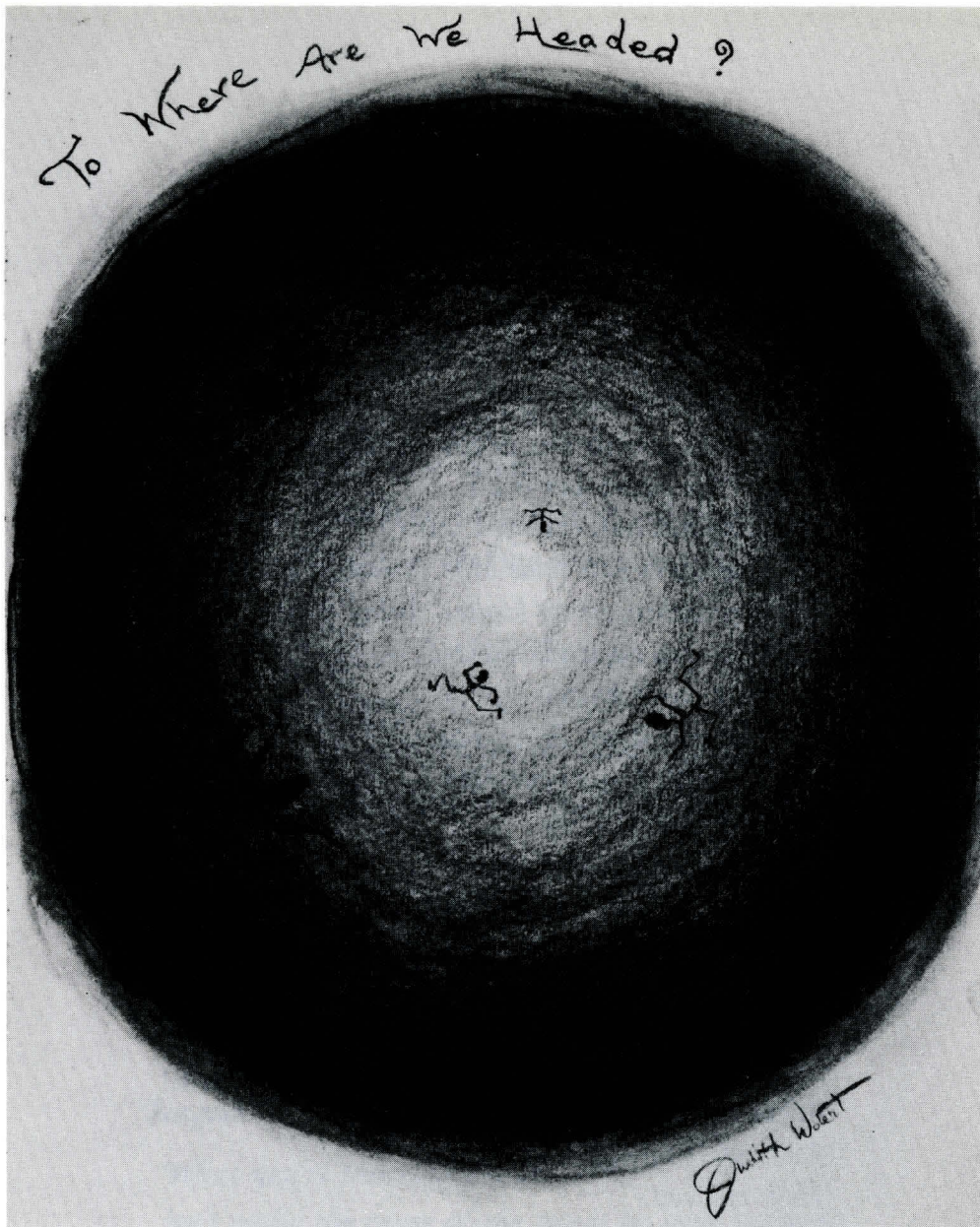
*What you're thinking about
isn't really the cause of the sweat on your forehead
it's only the sun
And sleep is only moments away.*

Kelly Gannon '91

What Power is Where and Why

*Is there someone in this universe watching us?
Watch us go? See life flow?
Stupid game of life - watch us run
Keeping order, holding fire
Losing all, gonna die, people everyday...
What's the point, got it all,
Got it figured out, then you think
What if we're just some ants in some big hole
Being watched, being hunted, being killed
Because they have the right-
And you don't know.
But hey, the stars, And what of them,
And do they know your fate
And then, what of it?
Life lived out, purpose made
Carried out, then what of you?
Positive thought, what if you do?
Power of mind, nothing new?
Are we meant to know something?
Is there power in mind?
What changes lives, are they meant to be changed,
And what of deja-vu?
Help me lord
What power is there
I just want to know
Where is my realm, why is my heart, my soul
I ask these questions, I do not know
And other worlds, are in the mind
And are they theirs and why
You cannot tell me why, I want to know.*

Chris Kozlowski '93



To Where are We Headed? by Judy Wolert '92

As I look back into the mist, I find myself staring into the eyes of a wide-eyed little girl. There she stands confident she can make this world a better place. Ready and willing to risk it all to help the underdog; unafraid to stand up and defend any or all of her beliefs. There is something very familiar about this girl and although she knows me very well I don't recognize her. As the mist clears, I awaken to find myself standing in front of a mirror looking into the eyes of a woman whose innocence is lost.

Liz Shelley '93

Mine Deaths, Johannesburg

*The fire was underground
fueled by fossil gasses
trapped there long before we were.*

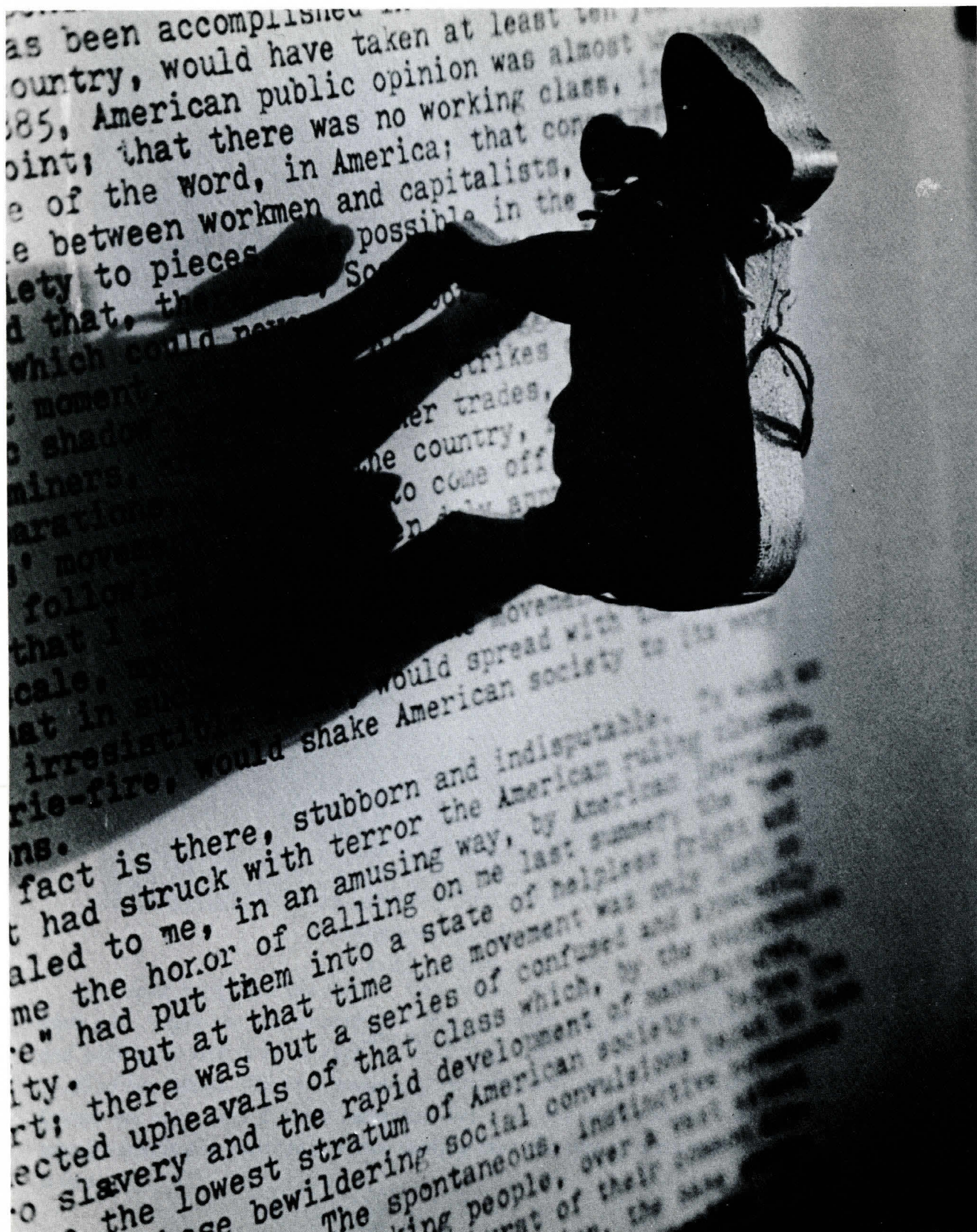
*Buried with it every day
we were resurrected each evening.
Little christs.*

*We taunted it with pick and hammer
appeased it with
sporadic human sacrifice.*

*Always present, always hidden
we tried to quench it
with our tears.*

*Made of salt and coal dust
they caused it to flame higher.
It was our tears that killed us.*

P.H. Kneen - CNR Alumna



*Look to the children
They are the future of the world.
And, yet, what are they taught?
Racism, fear, greed, destruction.
They look at life with open minds
and wonderous eyes.
They enjoy the simple things in life -
a drop of snow caught on their tongue,
a squirrel scampering across autumn leaves,
a crest of an ocean wave knocking them over,
a buttercup placed underneath their chins.
Then, they are taught to become adults.
Their innocence is destroyed.
And they will look to their children,
as the future of the world.*

Laura Hilton '91

A Petal Flutters

*A petal flutters onto the ground
No words are said.
The man with the grey suit steps on it.
The beauty's crushed.
Bouquets of drying flowers,
surround the casket
Melodies of sad sounds echo,
through the corridors
I see indistinguishable friends
with tear filled eyes.
Pulled lips of death show anguish and pain.
Viewing black pants
I wonder why my eyes close to death.*

Lisa James '92

*Fragile moments
As precious as a dawn
Memories may so easily
Shatter.*

Andrea Albertelli '93

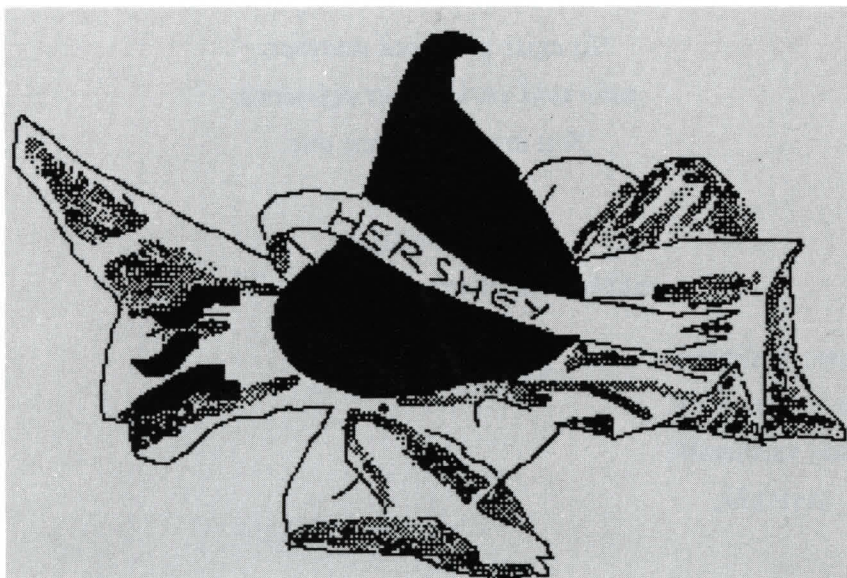
*I cannot exist
without your presence
in my life.
That is not to say,
That I cannot live without you.
For living and existing
are different.
To live you must breathe,
and that is all.
To exist you need much more.
To exist you need to be aware
of what is around you,
and gain experience through all your senses.
To exist you need to play a part
in an event,
Life.
Then share what you have experienced.
To exist you need another,
who will enrich your existence.
You are my chosen one.
And,
I cannot exist
without your presence in my life.*

Dawn Schroth '92

I Love

*Longing to tell them I love them
But it sounds strange to my ears
And I sign, then more appropriate,
"Love always."
I love them all, I love them one
I love you, I care, and I trust
And I want you but do the same.
But strange it does sound to my ears.
And strange it would sound to theirs,
So I refrain and say "Love always."
I, in my heart, do love you always,
do love and care for you true,
I long to express my emotion,
And say I miss you. I'm homesick perhaps,
But I love, I just love you
Dearly and true,
I love you.*

Chris Kozlowski '93



Untitled by Pinky Lim '91

Daddy

*Don't cry, I whispered out loud.
No one heard.
Just remember, remember all the good times.
How he showed you faraway places,
gave his dreams to hold you,
jokes to make you laugh.
'I'm sorry,' everyone said.
Words of comfort? I don't think so.
Just leave me alone.
'Don't go now,' I said in the hospital.
I still have to make you proud.
Can you hear me say I love you?
Can you wake up, I never got to
say goodbye.
He knows they told me, he knows.
The wind blew through my hair-
the stones loomed over the ground...
dorian grey pillars of sadness.
Maybe this way is better for you-but not for me.
I'm not ready to let you go...but I can't do anything,
I stand frozen through time.
But these words I leave you with-
I love you Daddy,
goodbye.*

Mary Beth Quigley '92

Class of '89

*Me is gone.
I don't know the date or the time,
But Me left me.
I am filled with blackness,
With emptiness.
Without Me I am no one.*

*Me was my essence,
My soul.
I hide my nothingness.
I am afraid;
Afraid that no one else feels like me;
Afraid that everyone does.*

*I search for Me in others.
I struggle to create the Me
That they want.
But I have not found the
Real Me;
Now I am someone else's Me.*

*Once in a while I catch
A glimpse of Me;
When I laugh,
When I cry,
When I feel.
But then,
A gesture, a word, a glance
Chases Me away
And I am no one again.*

Laura Hudson '93

An Innocent Stranger

*Johnny lived in a town just like yours
He grew up in the sixties during the Vietnam War
When Johnny graduated he didn't have much time to celebrate
For then he was drafted and war held his fate
Johnny said good-bye to his family and to his friends
Because he knew he may never come back again
When he got on the bus he waved good-bye
As he looked out the window he could see his mom cry
When Johnny arrived he got off the bus
They showed them their guns, barracks, and stuff
Johnny trained for two weeks at the most
He ran about ten blocks then back to the post
Then one Friday they practiced no more
For fate was calling it was time for war
He saw his friends die before his eyes
But he couldn't worry about that he had to survive
Fighting for his life everyday
Between battles he'd often sit down and pray
He'd pray to God to bring him home alive
'Don't take me now, I'm too young to die'
Johnny wore a cross around his neck
So if he died they'd know he was a Catholic
Johnny wrote home as much as he could
His parents were proud they thought he did good
Then one day the letters stopped coming
They waited and waited and still there was nothing
They asked the government they could wait no more
For fate took its toll Johnny died in war.*

Deborah A. McDonald '92

Explanation

*Because I wanted the sun
but I could never quite reach.*

*Because I wanted to see the top of the mountain
but could never climb that high.*

*I've died a thousand times and lived a million more.
The days have always been exciting and full, the world
has been my treasure and passion.*

*On occasion I've found warmth and sight; while other times
I've experienced cold and confusion. Through my desire I
have gone to a place that touches the soul deeply.*

Kathleen M. Jones '90



Ducks. No, swans by Kelly Gannon '91

What about this -
this issue of dead musicians?
Some spell, woven in a melody
sung;
Why do I wring myself out
soggy with sorrow
over the death of
this guitar-playing, drum-beating
shaggy-haired
mother's disappointment?
It's certainly not his persona.
Amoral, hairy-chested, cocksure.
He lived as he died; as he shouldn't have.
No college graduate he.
His death so common -
surely a god
would go with more of his
signature flair.
Mothers,
don't let your babies grow up to be
rock stars.
They flirt with the public's thousand
eyes,
and just when
you grow up
(and they feel so within your reach)
he smiles -
laughs-
(blue) eyes afire.
tosses his beautiful hair,
and with a backward glance
(that stubbled, sculptured cheek you know so well)
is gone
in one pluck of a Les Paul
string
in one 'toomb' of a drum
stick,



Untitled by Amy Visnauskas '90

Lost in...

Eluding

Intriguing

Riveting

Caressing

... Brown Eyes.

Cynthia Rayna '90

Change

*Blossom
like
the
fresh new
spring flower.*

*Grow
like the
green
grass of
summer*

*Ripen
like the
apples
that hang
from
an
autumn tree.*

*Do not
become
stagnant
like a
puddle
after
the rain
has fallen.*

*Rather
change
with the
passing
of each
new day.*

Love Triangle

*She brought us together on that warm summer night
Refreshing and cool - her magical spirit joined us as one.*

But she grew jealous, reached out her arms and enraptured him in her depths.

*For a while we shared him - a struggling tug of war
I thought I was the victor as he grew tired of spending his days without me. He
described long starry nights of loneliness.*

*But she had won him from the beginning
Her unpredictable manner - inviting one day, destructive the next.
Her eternal ways of mystery intrigued his curious spirit.
Her far-reaching experiences lured him back
And they were united again.*

*A love triangle no longer
The sailor and the sea.*

Jennifer Yearwood '91

$$x=y$$

*Nothing exciting, nothing inviting
But the only right answer
No deviations acceptable.*

*Will you love me anyway
-if my x
never
equals y ?*

*I tried so hard
to make it right for you
And I got really close
-only a Decimal Point away
But I just couldn't make it fit
so
I quit.*

Andrea Albertelli '93

*I do find solace
in the beauty of words
And the raining of
confidence
In aspects of
Every day.*

Chris Kozlowski '93

A Wrong Move

The moon shimmered across the calm ocean water. The wind blew ever so smoothly, barely moving Katie's hair. The waves rolled in like crawling fingers, reaching out to grasp her leg.

Katie's eyes wandered across the sand where she spotted him. He was standing ankle deep in the water. His white pants rolled up to just below his knees. The lost expression on his face made Katie wish that she could take back the words she had yelled at him.

She had only wanted him to understand her, yet, they ended up in a fight. She thought that they should see other people. She wanted to test their love and be sure it was real. She was unsure if their love was the type to last. Jeff, her boyfriend, had taken the whole thing to be a sign that their relationship was no good if she had to question their love.

She tried to explain that the relationship was fine, she was scared that they were moving too fast. Katie tried to tell him that she wanted to see other people, to prove to herself that she and Jeff were really made for each other.

Now Katie wished she had never taken the advice of her friend Laura. This great advice might have caused her to lose the only man she had ever loved. He loved her back.

Jeff looked over at her. His eyes were glossed with boiling fury showing the hurt and resentment over the fight. How she just wanted to take everything back. They could go back to being Jeff and Katie forever. But she couldn't go back. She felt embarrassed to say to him that she was wrong.

She looked back over at him, but he was gone. She raced across the beach searching for him. She couldn't find him anywhere on the beach. She walked up onto the road toward his parent's house. She went up to the door and knocked. No one answered, so she sat on the front steps waiting for Jeff. After two hours of waiting for him to come home, she left.

She had told her parents that she was going to stay at the beach house with some friends from college. Katie had really planned that she would meet Jeff at the beach for spring break. The plan was great. They would spend the whole week together. Today was their last day together before she would go back to college in New York. She had chosen today to tell Jeff of her plan on seeing other people right

after dinner. He just exploded and then they fought. Nothing was going Katie's way today!

She got undressed and went to bed. She had a hard time falling asleep, but eventually she dosed off into a deep sleep. She awoke at six-thirty when her alarm went off. She got up and turned on the radio while she showered and dressed.

As she sat down to breakfast she wondered if Jeff was still angry at her. She walked over to the phone and her fingers dialed Jeff's house. She let the phone ring for several minutes in hope that he was in the shower and would answer, but he never did. Katie looked at the clock and noted that in three hours her plane was leaving for New York's JFK.

She put all her suitcases in the front hall and walked off to Jeff's house. She banged on the door, but there was no answer. She walked over to the stonewall and removed the hidden spare key. She unlocked the door and walked in.

The smell of stale salt water filled the room. The house was totally empty of any human presence. All sign was non-existent. Katie went into his bedroom and saw that his bed had not been slept in.

Katie was in a hysterical state by now and ran to the garage only to find his car still there. With two hours until her plane was to depart she drove around Leboneye looking for Jeff. After checking all the back roads and local hot spots she went back to her beach house.

She felt awful about leaving without saying good-bye to Jeff, but school called. Before leaving she phoned to notify his parents. They said not to worry, that they would take care of everything.

Jeff, having thought over his feelings, drove to the airport to catch the next plane to New York. When he arrived he was too upset to talk to anyone. Having not been able to say good-bye to Katie made him so angry with life, that he joined the Army the day after Katie's funeral.

Her plane had engine trouble and went down into a New Jersey Power Plant. There were no survivors.

Helen R. Mandigo '92

Hearts

*There's left and there's
right, there's up and
There's down, but have
you my dear, taken a
look all around.*

*A man on a street vent,
hovering for some heat,
'stealing' from garbage
cans what you left
on your plate.*

*The children are running
running from pain, living
off strangers that
put food on a plate.
Open your heart, look
at your feet, look at your
ladder, can you take a
step down?*

S. P. Rissier '90

*Trust searches for a home where it is secure,
It searches for a heart to hide in.
Trust searches for the love
that lets it live.*

Andrea Albertelli '93

Night Chant

*I see the face in the
Evening mist,
And in my fate and plot
A twist.
From the evening unto
The church spire,
The love of time is not
My true desire.
In my life,
Fatality reigns
Through the earth and
A million brains
To entrance the heart, the blood
Runs cold
Only two or three to whom the story
Is told
Find the key; undo the lock
Destroy the face
Of the pendulum clock,
Hire the pain to go away
Love the night, but not the day
Hear my voice and its cry
Then, we too, must finally die.*

Lisa Nicoletti '93

*It is difficult for me
to explain my feelings to you,
because I am so unsure of them myself.*

*Although it is not you
who hurt me,
I can no longer trust someone
without some sort of proof.*

*A guarantee,
that my world will not shatter
just as I begin
to get close, trusting myself,
needing you.*

*But you are unable to give me
that type of security,
for one does not exist.*

*Lost in the rubble,
I can not see,
for the ashes have blurred my vision.*

*I can not feel,
but the weight
of broken dreams.*

*I can not hear,
only the sorrow
and distant cries,
of those lost around me.*

*The tears will never show,
for my pride will not let them.*

*My scars of reckless love,
I will cover with the paint,
much like that of a clown.*

Dawn Schroth '92

The Mysteries of The Almighty
Based on Job 11:7

*'Can you fathom the mysteries of God?
Can you probe the limits of the Almighty?'*

*Can we ever measure the mysteries of the Almighty?
What shall we measure them with?
A gray sky reveals snow, the wind brings rain.
It is the beginning of a season!*

*One marvels to perceive a fluctuating weather
from an unbearable wintriness, to an illuminating summer,
sandwiched with a bloomy spring.
We are pregnant with curiosity,
filled with desire for knowledge
about conversion of the seasons,
but it is not for us to know.
It is a mystery.*

*Marvelous to us is your handicraft.
How profound your works are.
Even if we could count them,
they number as the stars.
Can we fathom the mysteries of the Almighty?*

Christina Blay '91

Oceans Divide Us

Technology Unites Us

Words Escape Us

Jennifer Yearwood '91



Untitled by Katia Hale '91

A World of Fantasy

*I'm lost in my world of fantasy
lost in a world of illusion
Someday my fantasy ends
and the illusion becomes reality
and I will have to face them.
I like my world of fantasy
I'd like to stay forever.
But I'm growing up now
and getting older and as reality
sets in I grow colder.
It's hard to face reality
I've been hurt so many times.
I want to go back to my
own little world where no one
can hurt anyone.
I like my world of fantasy
but I'm older now and must
face reality.
I was hurt again and this
time bad.
I can't ignore this hurt as
I did the others.
So why be hurt again
I go back to my world of
fantasy and let reality go on
without me.*

Sara Amplo '92

*Sweet Music Man
To Daddy*

*Many a favored toy has been abandoned for the
Privilege of bringing him his guitar:
Me taking mincing, tip-toed steps so
The case wouldn't bump on the floor.
Me popping open the clasps with a
Practiced flick of the wrist,
Lifting the lid, and breathing in the
Woody, musical smell of the instrument.*

*He always strums a few hesitant chords
Before he begins, as if to make sure that
The music is still within him.
Once assured, he sings with a voice that
Erases hate and anger, that
Fills me with joyous
Pride.*

*If he knew the value of the tradition
He has given me, I could not love it.
His gift is that he will never
Sing for reasons other than his own;
He will never change his words or add
Harmony; he will always sing only for
Himself - and for me.*

Laura Hudson '93

Being Answered

What can I answer when you question me?

'Tell me what you are thinking,' you say.

Would you want to be in my mind when I'm thinking?

It tends to run wild...

*I think of catching a wave and riding it in-
to see how far it takes me,*

*I think of swinging high on a swing and jumping-
to see if I can fly,*

*but mostly I think of hiding behind my mother, like
I did as a child, so you can't see me, so you won't hurt me.*

*These are a few of my thoughts when I'm with you...ask
me again tomorrow and maybe I'll let you in. But if I don't
and you get discouraged, think but this:*

*That these thoughts did lie here in my mind, and if
these thoughts are of you, in my mind, then you are also a
part of me.*

Mary Beth Quigley '92

A Journey Through Monday

I saw Jeanette the other day. Jeanette lives in the part of London my collegiate friends have never seen. This section of town is not near Westminster Abbey or Big Ben or trendy night clubs. This side of the city is not drunk with happiness because classes are finished for the day. Where Jeanette lives, no one receives any mail from the outside world or goes jogging through Kensington Gardens.

Where Jeanette lives, people wander without watches and they only know that coffee is hot - they cannot taste. Some of Jeanette's friends are only friends for a day, an hour, or a minute of introduction. It's in the part of city that people have never seen a Walkman or heard of a singer named Bono.

When I traveled to this section of London I was prepared to give up two words. Those two words, I WANT, had begun to eat away at my hair and work their way down to my feet. I wanted to rid my soul of the fear that I, too was becoming a monster of materialism; a lover of useless 'things.' Only rich students study abroad. Only the wealthy can afford to send their kids over there. I am not and will not be one of them.

I started my journey on a Monday and I've taken the same route several times. No longer do I walk through a littered street without thinking of those who pick at each morsel, searching for any bite to eat or wishing for a discarded pair of shoes. No longer do I wander into a library or museum without the gratitude that I am literate.

Once, someone told me that no matter how much you plan and organize a trip, you cannot put your feelings of attachment to that place and those people on your itinerary. When I see Jeanette, I think of my plans, my organization, my calendar of events.

Jeanette - a troubled walk and even more troubled mind. We are traveling together to the other side of the hospital. We are following the path to her therapy group.

'Will this black leather cause offense?' she asks.

'No,' I tell her, 'it's a fine jacket.'

'Thank you ma'm. I hope I am not a bother.'

She shuffles alongside of me. Jeanette is not old, maybe in her thirties somewhere. The black plastic jacket contrasts with her bright pink, v-neck t-shirt. Her jeans are worn in the knees and they do not reach the top of her sneakers. Jeanette's short,

choppy brown hair is separated by a jagged part. Her green eyes look straight down the corridor and her wiry, soft hands hold tight to my arm as we walk slowly to the "Activity Room." Activity - Fred blowing his nose, Annie rocking back and forth, screeching occasionally, and Jeanette, caressing and smoothing her coat. Doctor Stone leads the group of slumbered thoughts and tries to stir their hearts. They do not look to life. They do not see, hear, think, learn, or create - they only stare.

We have arrived. I help Jeanette bring a chair to the table and her grip loosens from my arm. She joins the group - my escort leaves me.

No, no bother at all.

Lauren McGovern '91



Untitled by Katia Hale '91

Grandmother's Kiss

*I've learned the value of a grandmother's kiss.
It is one that's desired
And never grows tired.*

*A grandmother's kiss is one of tradition.
Its degree of love
Is constantly rising above.*

*Did you ever notice how soft her lips are?
Her many years could never take away
The care and concern in her lips to stay.*

*Once I ignored my grandmother's kiss.
The time was so grey
Without something to say.*

*Don't ever turn away from a grandmother's kiss.
For come one day
It will be sorely missed.*

Patti Freidrich '92



Untitled by Anonymous

*Even the trees don't look alive,
surrounding the walled playground of cement.
The houses have regurgitated
their once contained livelihood.
The fear of existing
is familiar to the habitants.
The living move as serpents
and the remaining have forgotten their names.*

Now,
All I can do is remember
the feeling I got,
just thinking of you.
As if you could touch me,
from across the room,
clasp my heart in such a way,
that makes me lose my breath.
Unable to speak,
for the feeling was so overwhelming.
I was intimidated by your caring
instead of being grateful.
I needed time to experience,
and to grow as a person.
I had to let you go.
I'm not sorry
for my irresponsibility,
for we learn through our mistakes.
I did learn
the hard way,
of the cruel games people play
with spirits they feel they own.
I think I know what it is that I need,
feel I deserve.
I have suffered,
it continues,
each time I see you.
I am missing a piece to my spirit.
An ache pierces my heart
at the thought of never having,
a second chance.
I search aimlessly
for the answers to questions.
I cry.
Now,
all I can do is remember,
the wrong that was committed,
and the feeling I get,
just thinking of you.

The Child

*Tell me why you cry...
Show me the bruises and scars
that even clothes can't hide.
She bore you, raised you and hurt you.
Don't protect this woman-she's doing wrong,
you know it's not a lie.
I wanted to help...but I didn't know
what to do.
I heard you crying, I heard the muffled screams...
then I watched and saw you bleed.
Now I look at you-so peaceful at last...
the woman who did it to you stands solemn-
her face only a mask.*

*You are laying in a coffin-
Your haunted eyes are forever closed.
Your mother beat the life from you,
and only I had known.*

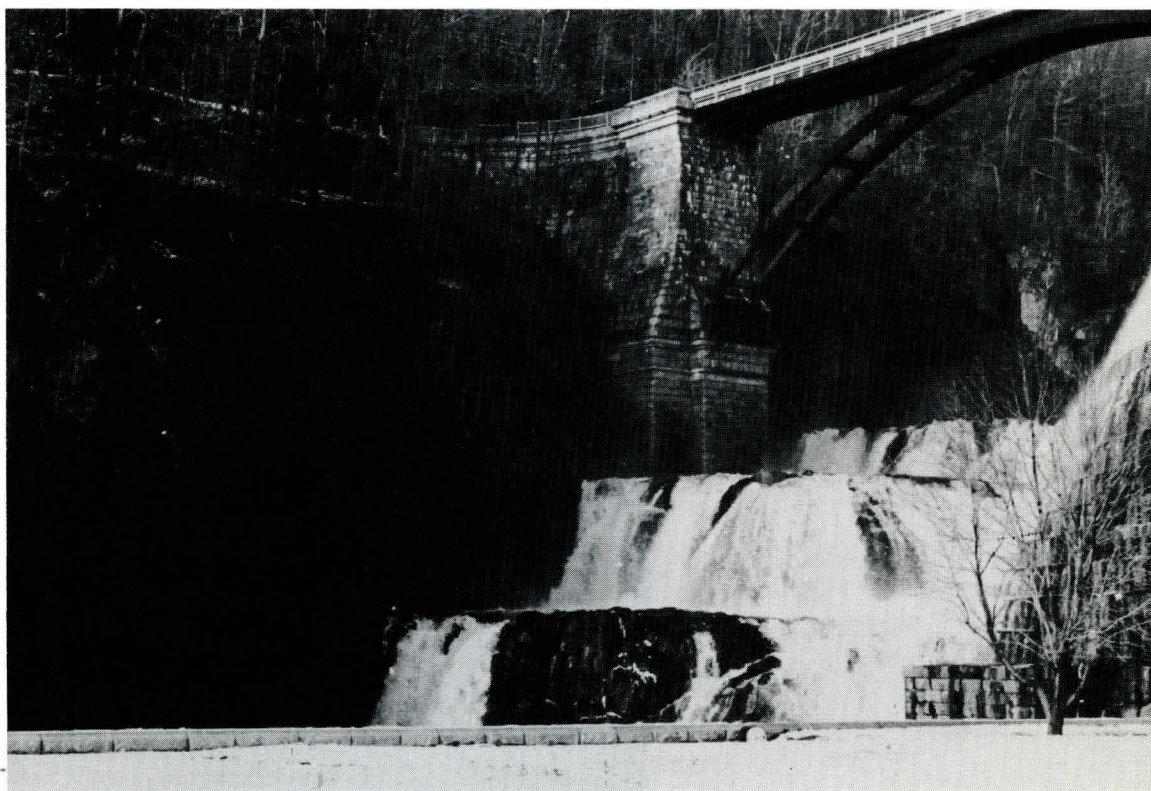
Mary Beth Quigley '92



*Conjured thoughts
well-developed and detailed
improved over time
images of perfection
mapped-out plans of future days
time seems precise
Careful, thought provoking daydreams
ripped apart by reality*

*each day, each hope is tainted
as the hour hand spins
days pass
and leave yesterday's certainties
today's misconceptions.*

Jennifer Yearwood '91



Diana Rhea '91

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The Phoenix staff who submitted poems, stories, art work and submissions received allowed for a more complete print all of the material received by Phoenix of student interest. Special thanks to Phoenix for the deadlines, and to Karenann Carty for the hopes that the years to follow will have con

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